'Cause We Feel Young and Wild by BeautyInChains

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Summary:

Soon, is Steve's best guess. Soon like the subtle itch beneath his skin that intensifies with each passing day. Soon like the voracity of his appetite as his body begins to prepare itself for the upcoming marathon. Soon like the aggression that continues to build and threaten to spill whenever another Alpha so much as glances Billy's way. Soon like the way he's been tenting his sheets, his slacks, his gym shorts at so much as a gentle breeze.

So when Billy texts him that morning, an eggplant emoji followed by the fire, peach, and splashing water emojis with not one but three question marks, Steve replies with Soon.

'Cause We Feel Young and Wild

Author's Note:

> For Tumblr Prompt: Trying to think of prompts for you and what I could come up with was: ABO modern AU, Alpha!Steve has a rut coming on and his boyfriend is super god damn excited about it because I need more enthusiastic consent in this trope. Billy's orientation is up to you.
>
> I'm pretty nervous to post this. This is my first time writing ABO. I've always enjoyed reading it, but was so overwhelmed with all the possibilities when it came down to actually writing it. I want to give my thanks to @hoppnhorn for helping me talk it out when I was agonizing over the "science" of it all. This is officially my longest prompt fill :D
>
> Title has been borrowed from the song Wild by Royal Teeth.
>
> As always: unbeta'd, comments/kudos/con-crit welcome! I hope that you enjoy it!

Soon, is Steve's best guess. Soon like the subtle itch beneath his skin that intensifies with each passing day. Soon like the voracity of his appetite as his body begins to prepare itself for the upcoming marathon. Soon like the aggression that continues to build and threaten to spill whenever another Alpha so much as glances Billy's way. Soon like the way he's been tenting his sheets, his slacks, his gym shorts at so much as a gentle breeze.

So when Billy texts him that morning, an eggplant emoji followed by the fire, peach, and splashing water emojis with not one but three question marks, Steve replies with *Soon*. It will be their first rut together and Billy is excited. Which is saying something, because Billy doesn't really get excited about anything. But he's got a countdown going on his phone for the Vernal Equinox and Pay Day stapled across the block of March 20th on their shared Google

Calendar like a loser.

Steve smiles down at his phone as it lights up. A winky face, three red hearts, and a kiss mark. Steve shakes his head. For all his posturing, for all the ways Billy presents as a too-cool Alpha, he's really just a giant fucking dork underneath it all, and Steve loves that about him. His phone lights up again, a photo notification this time. Steve licks his lips, feels his cock thicken up at the sight of the image displayed across his screen.

Billy's posed artfully in front of a long mirror at the gym, dripping with sweat, muscles tight, swollen and flexed, long curls piled atop his head in a wild messy bun, with his dark grey compression leggings leaving so very little to the imagination. Steve's free hand drops instinctively, cupping himself through his pajama pants as his thumb flies across the touch screen.

You're such a fucking tease

U love it followed by the winky face with its tongue out and a flexing bicep for good measure.

Anyone in there with you?

Y? U jealous?

The message is followed by another photo, a close-up of Billy's fucking semi pushing at the damp material of his leggings, the defined vee of his hips, thumb hooked into the waistband giving just the slightest peek of the golden curls below.

Not jealous. Just want to see what's mine.

There are a few excruciating minutes of nothing. Of Steve standing at the kitchen counter with his dick in his hand like a fucking tool. But then his phone lights up again and he feels like all the air's been punched out of his lungs. Billy's leggings have been shoved just below his ass, two of his thick, wet fingers buried deep inside his pretty pink hole. Steve goes so hot all over he feels sick with it, sways on his feet and catches himself against the counter. He feels dizzy, can't seem to catch his breath. *Shit.* His fingers feel fat and clumsy,

thumb slick against the screen as he struggles to make sense of the letters. *N. O. W.*

Now now now throbs behind Steve's temples.

C u soon baby, gotta shower and Steve can't be bothered to track the stream of senseless emojis that follow. He slides his finger across Billy's name, brings the ringing phone to his ear as he drags his pants over his hips and kicks them off. His cock is so fucking hard already, hot and throbbing, surging up toward his belly, and dripping at the tip. Steve's hips hitch despite himself, desperate for tight, wet heat.

The first thing Steve hears is a throaty chuckle, "You just couldn't fuckin'-"

"*Now*," Steve growls, cutting him off, "Get here now."

"Oh. Oh *fuck*, okay. Jesus, your voice," Billy whines into the phone.

"Billy, I mean it. I need it now."

"Okay, I'm coming. Fuck, I'm coming."

Steve moans at the way it sounds to hear Billy say those words, at the desperation in his voice. The call disconnects. Steve's phone clatters to the counter as he curls a hand around his cock. Pre is oozing down the entire length now, so red and wet; it sounds as obscene as it looks as it fucks in and out of his first. It's not even close to what he needs and only serves to make it worse.

Steve can smell Billy from almost 2 blocks away, cloying and sweet beneath the sweat, wet and ready. It's torture, the anticipation that throbs in his gut, the blood pulsing through his veins, everything heightened. Billy's on the stairs, Steve's strokes quicken. He's fumbling with his keys. Steve hisses. He's going to come. The door swings open. Steve clamps a hand around the base of his cock. *Not yet.*

Billy all but falls into the apartment. He's flushed bright pink, sweat running down his temples, down the back of his neck. He's trembling, just managing to kick the door shut as he slumps to his knees. "'m sorry. Went as fast as I could. Got me so worked up I'm fuckin'

dripping. Had to fight my way through a pack of fuckin' Alphas the way I was throwin' it off."

Steve makes a warning sound in the back of his throat, something rough and gravelly that rumbles its way through his chest. He has Billy on the floor, on his back before Billy can so much as blink, Steve tearing his way through Billy's stupid, drenched compression leggings. And *fuck*. Billy wasn't lying, he's fucking dripping slick. It's running down his legs. Billy's clawing at Steve's shoulders, throwing his legs over Steve's hips, pulling him down and in.

"Jesus Christ, fuck me. *C'mon*. I want it, I want it, I want it," Billy chants breathlessly as he fucks his hips up into Steve's, cock dragging against his own belly. It's difficult to line up with the way Billy's wriggling, with how wet he is. Steve growls as he ruts against Billy's slippery hole, pushing, thrusting, humping, and then *finally* he's sinking in, in, in. "That's it," Billy croons encouragingly, "Show me who's Alpha."

And then Steve's inside him, buried. And it's so much better than anything he's ever felt. Billy is molten hot and sloppy wet, rippling around him, writhing against him. Steve manages to get his hands under Billy's thighs, to push them up and fold him in half, cock slipping before ramming back inside. "God, your fuckin' cock. *That's it*," Billy mewls again, "Want you to fuckin' knot me. Fill me up, c'mon. I wanna fuckin' taste you in my throat."

Steve lets the animal take over. The deliciously primal instinct to fuck. Come. *Breed*. He hips snap hard, over and over of their own volition, his body taking what it needs. The cut of Billy's nails, his saccharine scent, and the clutch of his body have Steve frantic, and so fucking close. Billy is grunting and growling and whining, slick running down his ass and thighs, over Steve's fingers. It always feels good, but it's never quite felt like this before.

"I want it, *please*. Fucking breed me," Billy whispers against Steve's ear, teeth clipping.

Steve rears up, fucks in hard, teeth sinking into Billy's throat, and then he's coming, knot swelling, Billy making the most *inhuman* sounds as it floods him. Steve moans, keeps pumping his hips as he

shoots rope after rope of hot jizz so deep inside that Billy feels like his insides are swimming. Billy's thighs tighten around Steve's waist, holding him like he might fucking go somewhere. Billy rolls his hips up. His pupils are blown out, eyes black and sparkling. His cheeks are ruddy, lips red and bitten, body glistening with sweat, hair spilling from his bun. Billy's cock is still hard, very nearly purple where it's straining, slip-sliding against his belly.

"Don't stop, don't you fucking stop!"

"*Jesus*," Steve swears, fingers curling into Billy's hair, holding and pulling as he folds him back in half, rutting in hard. Steve keeps a brutal pace, watches raptly as Billy's body begins to wind up tight against him. Steve slips a hand down Billy's body and between them, just barely curls around Billy's fat, dripping cock before Billy's eyes fall shut, brows drawing up, back bowing as he wails and spurts up his belly and chest. "Oh fuck," Steve hisses because he's coming again, cock pulsing hotly, unloading another thick rush of come.

Billy's wrapped around Steve like a cage, shaking almost violently, chest heaving, tears streaming as his fingers pinch and clutch at Steve's body. Steve's not sure how long they stay locked like that, murmuring soothing endearments into Billy's sweaty curls. The animal continues to come and go in waves, Billy sobbing out encouragements until Steve has spent himself three more times, until Billy is moaning with how fucking *full* he is, bloated with it.

"I fuckin' love you," Billy says, graveled; warm and sated as Steve's hands stroke over his taut, slick belly.

"You too, baby," Steve says, lips brushing gently against the brand he's left on Billy's throat, "I love you, too."